

## The Cult of Psychoanalysis

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IN the early '90's, Sigmund Freud, a Jewish physician of Vienna, delivered his first lecture on a new method of dealing with mental abnormalities which he called psychoanalysis. Not a dozen people were present. The scientific world scoffed at his theory, accusing him of charlatanry. But his theory did not die. Indeed, it has shown extraordinary vitality. In the past dozen years, psychoanalysis has made rapid strides; it has secured standing in the scientific world; it has developed into a cult which has been taken up by artists, sociologists, and educators. It is no longer merely a psychoanalysis theory, but a system of ethics as well. According to one of its advocates, "it offers to the average man and woman a new rational code of behavior based on science instead of faith."<sup>1</sup> If it continues to spread, we shall all be using words borrowed from the Freudian argot; we shall all be talking of our inner conflicts, our ambivalent attitudes toward certain people, the complexes that are at the root of our behavior, and the dreadful results of suppressed urges.

Of course the psychoanalysts have not reached their place in the sun without opposition. In general the medical world is loud in its condemnation even today; neurologists in this country with the exception of a comparatively small group look askance upon this new method of psychotherapy. Perhaps the most ardent champion of Freud in America are folk of the Greenwich Village type, that strange race ever on the search for new gods. These pseudo-esthetes claim to find in psychoanalysis a panacea for all their ills; Freud's books are their Koran, Freud himself their Mahomet.

The anti-Freudians, on the other hand, have raised a hue and cry against psychoanalysis. What alchemy is to chemistry, astrology to astronomy, cubism to art, that, they claim, psychoanalysis is to true psychotherapy. The literature published by the cult's protagonist and his followers is styled contributions not to science but to pornography.

<sup>1</sup>"Psychoanalysis, its History, Theory and Practise," by André Tridon (Huebsch).

This is hardly fair to Freud. Sexuality according to him is at the root of all neuroses. Consequently his language is plain to say the least. But Freud is writing for specialists, and I do not think we can condemn Freud solely because the books published by the *vulgarisateurs* of his theory have been popular not on account of their scientific content but on account of their pruriency.

In this paper I shall endeavor to give an exposition of the essentials of psychoanalysis without bias or prejudice. It will, of course, be impossible to enter into the subject in detail and in all its ramifications. Sufficient, however, will be said to enable us to form a sane judgment of the merits of Freud's theory.

### HISTORY

Although Dr. Freud is called the father and founder of the cult, another Viennese physician, Dr. Breuer, was really his precursor in this field. One of Dr. Breuer's patients, a young woman, was suffering from acute hysteria. Although a German, she was unable to use her mother tongue and babbled in English. She was also afflicted with hysterical paralysis. Breuer hypnotized her and made her recall the *trauma* (shock, in the Freudian patter) which caused her present condition. The girl in the waking state was not, of course, aware of the cause of her trouble, but in the hypnosis she revealed all. The paralysis and amnesia were both removed by this talking or cathartic cure, as Breuer styled it. Freud was interested and collaborated with Breuer in similar experiments. Both directed the patients' attention during hypnosis to the scene during which morbid symptoms made their first appearance and caused them to live over the excitement they once repressed and get rid of it in the process.

Freud broke with Breuer, gave up hypnotism, and in 1895 presented the world with his brain-child, the theory of psychoanalysis. At first he attracted but little attention even among psychologists and neurologists. But soon he secured a following. So ardent have these proselytes become that no praise of the master is too extravagant. He is the high priest of the new religion; they quote him as the true Israelite quotes the Law and the Prophets. One of his disciples says: "Freud has become the first

aeronaut in the empyrean of the human mind and has reconnoitered and brought back to us exact information concerning matters of which otherwise we should have known nothing."

Nor is Freud himself slow in acknowledging the importance of his contribution to human knowledge. In his General Introduction to Psychoanalysis, he says: "Humanity has had to endure from the hands of science two great outrages against its naive self-love." He then speaks of the Copernican theory which destroyed men's belief that their earth was the center of the universe, and the Darwinian theory which informed man that he was in no wise superior to the beast. "But the third and most irritating insult," he continues, "is flung at the human mania of greatness by present-day psychological research which wants to prove to the I that it is not even master in its own house, but is dependent upon the most scant information concerning all that goes on unconsciously in its psychic life."

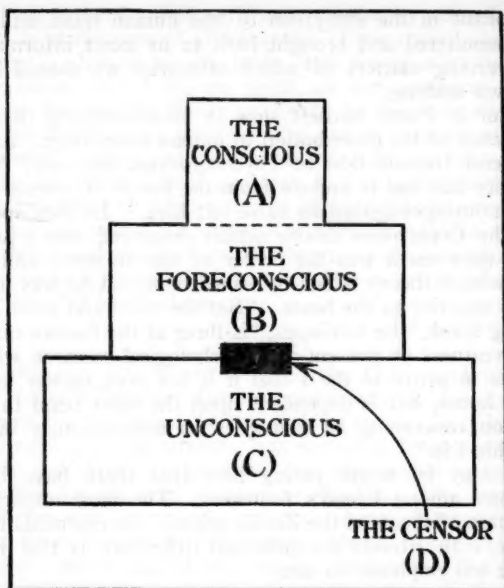
It may be worth noting here that there have been schisms among Freud's followers. The most important of these offshoots is the Zurich school. In essentials they agree with Freud; the principal difference is that they place less emphasis on sex.

#### THEORY

Psychoanalysis as elaborated by Freud and his school is based on two theories: first, a large part of our mental life is unconscious (unknown or unknowable);<sup>2</sup> second, a creative force is constantly impelling all animate life. Freud calls this the *libido*.

It may be well to explain schematically Freud's theory of the psyche. (See figure.) We can represent our

<sup>2</sup> It is more correct to call this subconscious. To speak of our conscious and our subconscious, or unconscious, mind is altogether unscientific. We have not two minds; the mind is essentially one. Part of our mental life, of course, is dimly attended to and we may call this the subconscious working of our mind. When we say that this part of our mental life is unknowable, we only mean that it cannot be known by a direct appeal to our internal experience. But there are ways of bringing our subconscious thoughts to light, and psychoanalysis is one method.



mental life by three adjoining rooms or compartments. The smallest (A) is the conscious. Here we find what our mind is dwelling on now; for example, the printed page in front of us. Connected with this room by swinging doors that open at the slightest touch is the foreconscious (B). Here are the thoughts that we have put aside for the present, but at the merest wish or, at least, with slight effort they come swarming into the conscious. Thus I am conscious of the words I am reading, but I can readily summon from the foreconscious the names and addresses of my friends and relatives, the picture of my parish church, the Latin conjugations, the Our Father. The next compartment (C) is the room of mystery, shrouded in Cimmerian darkness, the *terra incognita* that Freud calls the unconscious. Here are stored out of sight all the thoughts from earliest infancy to the

present moment that we forget either because they are uninteresting or because they are painful. Here the lazy boy catches the rule for the ablative absolute; the timid individual, the humiliating experience he had to undergo at the hands of his companions.

But do not imagine that the unconscious is merely a store room full of antiques, unpleasant or interesting relics of the past. It is much more than that. Here accumulate the complexes that play such a large part in Freud's theory. Thus my world or part of my world may learn of some defect that I possess, physical or mental. My shame at this knowledge, by brooding over it, becomes in the unconscious what Freudians call an inferiority complex. These unconscious ideas with emotions grouped round them exert a mysterious influence upon our conduct and upon our mental and physical health. The *Œdipus* complex needs to be explained. This is an over-attachment of the son for the mother, or, in the *Electra* complex, of the daughter for the father. This complex has its origin in early childhood and, according to Freud, has a manifest sexual connotation of incestuous desire; hence the name. The normal child breaks away from this. But if not, the complex is the fertile cause of many neuroses, expressing itself at times in violent aversions toward the opposite parent. There is a whole swarm of these complexes; besides the inferiority complex, and the *Œdipus* complex, there are the fear complex, the rage complex, and a host of others. These complexes are like steam in a boiler. If the human boiler is strong and equipped with a good safety valve, no explosion will take place. If there is a certain physical or mental weakness, congenital or acquired, the complexes may assert themselves and result in the various ailments known to the psychotherapist—perversion; hypochondria; akrophobia, fear of high places; claustrophobia, fear of enclosure; astraphobia, fear of lightning; arithmomania; onomatomania, and a whole regiment of other phobias and manias.

#### NO END OF "URGES"

Thus we see that the unconscious is a vast reservoir full of potential energy. Here, too, are gathered the Freudian

urges; the nutrition urge, the urge to seek food; the sex urge, the urge to perpetuate the species; the self-protection urge, the urge to avoid encounters with harmful stimuli. Civilization has complicated these urges. Thus, the nutrition urge awakens the desire for domination—the will-to-power urge, which in turn became a source of egotism. Often the urges form a powerful combine; for example, the will-to-power urge unites with the *libido* or sex urge and we have a force which, wrongly directed, will work much harm to the individual and to society. The urges are, in truth, chained Titans straining at the leash, ever striving to break their bonds and reach the outer light of consciousness.

The *libido* or sex urge plays a most important part in psychoanalysis. Freud attempts to steal the thunder from his opponents by claiming that sex in his sense is not synonymous with sensual craving, but is merely the fundamental instinct which lies at the very heart of our emotional life. Nevertheless, there is no doubt of his emphasis on sex. Whether this be over-emphasis I shall consider shortly. He would even rob childhood of all its poetry by interpreting the innocent acts of infancy as sexual cravings. In the child, according to Freud, we find all the perversions of adult life; only in childhood they are not perversions but thoroughly natural. As the normal child grows older, the self-protection urge asserts itself and represses these social cravings of infancy.

Freud's theory is unintelligible without a clear understanding of this self-protection urge. This is the Cerberus of the gruesome underworld of our mind. Freud calls it the censor. (See figure D.) It sits at the portals of the unconscious and strives to prevent the egress of any of the Titans. And the reason is that, if these urges rushed forth into the conscious, unsocial acts would result which, of course, harm the individual, and cause him to lose the esteem of his fellows. Hence, the name—the self-protection urge. Nevertheless the censor is not strong enough to battle single-handed against all these powers. They succeed at times in prying open the door despite all the efforts of the watchman; indeed, their influence on our conscious life is tremendous, even though we are not aware of it. When the urges succeed in eluding his vigi-

lance, the censor, in a flurry of fright lest they rush out in all their awful nakedness, throws about them as they pass a mantle, a mask, and they come into the world of consciousness like the characters in a mystery play—symbolized, allegorized.

During dreams the wariness of the guardian is relaxed, thus enabling *libido* and his confreres to stream into consciousness. Even then, however, the censor succeeds in symbolizing them after a fashion. Dreams, therefore, and their interpretation have a prominent place in the Freudian philosophy. During our dreams, the primitive, barbaric soul of us is unveiled; our repressed desires are made known—at least to him who has mastered Freud's exegesis of dreams.

Freud's theory of the unconscious is the basic fact upon which he builds. In the unconscious are contained the urges, the complexes, and the repressed desires. It is well to note that Freudians regard the unconscious as not merely the sum of all the experiences of our life. It is more than that. It originated not only in the childhood of the individual, but, because it contains so many repressed motives, may also be said to have originated in the childhood of the world. "In the unconscious is condensed and capitulated the cultural history of mankind. . . . The unconscious contains the same desires which existed consciously in our very remote ancestors. . . . The motives and wishes of the unconscious are barbaric and unethical. . . . The dream reveals the mind of prehistoric man rather than the human mind as it has been rationalized and changed through culture and education; and through the evidence offered by the dream, it is possible to reconstruct the entire human mind."<sup>3</sup>

The unconscious is a large power-house full of enormous dynamos. Take away all resistance and it will carry destruction in its wake. Direct it and it will turn motors, drive rock-crushers, light a city, operate a dozen industrial plants. So, too, the energy in the human machine; undirected, it spells disaster; released in the proper direction and on proper objects, it will benefit the indi-

<sup>3</sup> "Repressed Emotions," by Isador H. Coriat (Brentano's).

vidual and society. The savage is afraid of the dynamo because he is ignorant of its purpose. The human race is in awe of the unconscious because—until Freud—it was unaware of its hidden mechanism. It is the purpose of the psychoanalyst to direct this tremendous energy of the human dynamos into useful and social channels.

An illustration may make this clear. A noise wakes me in the middle of the night. I exaggerate the sound. I can hardly breathe; I perspire, I grow cold. My heart beats wildly; my limbs are paralyzed with fear. I cannot cry out. Is it too fanciful to suppose that, were this to continue, I should go mad with dread or even die of fright? Fortunately there is a remedy. An electric switch is at my elbow. I flood the room with light. No one is present. But the noise continues. I laugh aloud—it is only the branch of a dead tree that the wind is scraping against my window. The cause is known; the effects disappear. The aim of the psychoanalyst is to make us see the causes of our unknown fears. Often they are as insignificant as the dead branch. Knowledge here is indeed power.

### TECHNIQUE

We shall be better able to judge of psychoanalysis if we watch the analyst at work. I shall suppose the practitioner a skilled neurologist and psychologist, not merely a lay devotee of the new cult. His patient is suffering from some neurosis, some phobia or mania; not insane, however, nor an idiot, but merely afflicted with some mental aberration which may work havoc in his life. The first aim of the analysis is to discover the cause of the nervous trouble. This means the probing of the unconscious. The patient's censor may strive to prevent the communication of this knowledge, especially if it be of a painful or humiliating nature. The analyst must now set out to win the patient's confidence. This may take months or even years of careful work. In the meantime he encourages the patient to talk freely of everything that comes to his mind. He tests his reaction to stimuli-words, hoping that the vigilance of the censor will relax and allow the patient unconsciously to betray his secret. For example, if many of his reactions to the stimuli-words are refer-



ences to mother or motherhood, the analyst may conclude that the patient has an Oedipus complex. The patient is told to recount all the dreams he can remember. Suppose the patient tells the analyst that he frequently dreams of the death of his father, to whom, he claims, he is devotedly attached. This confirms the psychoanalyst in the opinion that an Oedipus complex, an over-attachment to the mother, is at the root of all his trouble. This prevents him from marrying or, if he is already married, has made his married life unhappy.

No cure can take place until transference has been secured; that is, a feeling of acknowledged sympathy from the patient to the analyst. According to Ernest Jones, it is a "displacement onto the physician of various affects (feelings) that really belong to some other person." Modified transference is, of course, common to all medical practise and, indeed, to spiritual direction as well. Transference is the central problem of psychoanalysis, and it is a difficult and delicate problem to handle. The transference must not be permanent; the patient must not feel that he is obliged to depend forever on the physician.

Granted a successful psychoanalysis, and consequent transference, what remains? The neurotic's interests are still turned within himself; he cannot be cured until his interests are projected outside on the practical affairs of life. Consequently the analyst must awaken new interests, provide a healthy viewpoint, broaden his patient's horizon. In a word, sublimation of the repressed complex must take place. Sublimation is the final step in psychoanalysis. It is the unconscious conducting of the repressed emotions to a higher, less objectionable, and more useful goal. The Zurich school attempts this along religious lines.

Extravagant claims for the success of this method are made by the Freudians. Only psychoanalysis, they say, can cure a neurosis, for it actually eliminates the unconscious conflicts which lie at the basis of the neurosis, either by raising the suppressed barbaric wish to a higher cultural level by bringing the patient into touch with reality again from which all neurotics withdraw, or by teaching the patient to utilize the energy of the neurotic conflict for more practical purposes. Psychoanalysis is

like an archeological excavation. It digs out the buried complexes and then they disintegrate.

What opinion are we to form of the value of psychoanalysis? Has Freud's theory contributed anything to the sum of human knowledge, or is it merely, as one of its opponents says, "a lascivious farrago of nonsense"?<sup>4</sup> With the exception of the terminology, there appears to be little that is new in the theory. What is new is not true and what is true is not new. Much that Freud teaches is as old as Aristotle. His theory of the urges is only a novel way of saying that animality is part of man's make-up. So engrossed are the Freudians in this phase of man's life that they seem to forget there is another side—rationality. This absorption in the sexual has gone so far, as Dr. Rivers, an English authority on nervous diseases, remarks, that perverse tendencies and prurient ideas are scented in every thought, waking or sleeping, of the patients who come under their care.

The urges are merely a new name for the passions; both Catholic ascetics and Freud's followers view them with alarm, but from different viewpoints. Of the inner conflicts, St. Paul long ago uttered words better and truer than any of Freud and his tribe: "But I see another law in my members, fighting against the law in my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin, that is in my members." (Rom. 7:23).

We must not lose sight of the fact that the Freudians are determinists; the urges exert an influence on the conscious life of all men, normal and abnormal. We may fondly imagine that we choose of our own free-will to perform this act, but this is far from being the case. *Libido* is at work, but we are unconscious of it. Our acts belong in the same category as post-hypnotic phenomena. And this holds not merely for the abnormal individual but for the normal as well. After reading Freud's "A Contribution to the Psychopathology of Everyday Life," we may well wonder if there is a shred of free-will left to any of us. That weird Freudian entity, the censor, does the work we are wont to ascribe to conscience and to will-power; but there is nothing volitional about the censor; it is a blind force that acts necessarily.

<sup>4</sup>Dr. Cullen in the *Dublin Review*, April, 1921.

The symbolic interpretation of dreams seems to be the veriest moonshine. That sometimes the inhibitions of our conscious life are relaxed during sleep so that even the virtuous have dreams of a lascivious nature is beyond question. But why every dream in which shoes, trunks, swords, tunnels, caskets, ovens, wagons, etc., appear must necessarily have a sexual connotation is more than the average man can fathom. These commonplace articles have no such meaning in his conscious life. And to say that it must be so because primitive people used these as sexual symbols is to talk nonsense. This were to suppose that the child is born with certain innate ideas of sex inherited from his ancestors—an assertion absolutely without proof, contrary to sound psychological experience.

Of the practical value of psychoanalysis as a psychotherapeutic measure very little can be said because of the scarcity of data. Its most ardent defenders, even Freud himself, claim this is due to difficulties inherent to the technique. The treatments lasting for months and even years and involving considerable expense, the obstacles in securing the transference, the interference of suspicious relatives when transference is effected—all these, they say, militate against the successful administration of psychoanalysis. Nevertheless some good work has been done, some cures have been effected; notably in England in the treatment of war neuroses. In this country the physicians at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C., claim to have used psychoanalysis with success. May it not be, however, that these cures are due not to the claptrap of psychoanalysis but rather to the long and sympathetic interest manifested by the physician in the patient? Loving sympathy has "ministered to a mind diseased" in thousands of cases that are not reported in the scientific journals. Then, too, confession, extra-sacramental as well as sacramental, has its therapeutic value.

In the transference, there is a real danger, especially when the patient is a woman. Long and intimate conversations with the analyst about her sexual life may have disagreeable consequences. This, however, is not necessarily so. The medical profession may rightly resent the

supposition that physicians are blackguards, just as we object to the imputations of bigots against the Catholic practise of confession. Nevertheless, I do not think we can conclude that there seems to be nothing contrary to faith or to the ordinary moral teaching of the Church in either the theory or method of psychoanalysis. The deterministic basis of the theory renders it suspect, to say the least, and the manifest dangers connected with the technique, together with the small chance of successful cure, should keep Catholic physicians from using it in an unmodified form.

In this connection the words of Dr. Peterson in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* are to the point. "I doubt if any persons have been benefited by this treatment. It requires months or years of work over each case and it is very expensive. I have, on the other hand, seen very bad results from the psychoanalysis of young men and women, permanent insanity, and even suicide; and if it (psychoanalysis) were not destined to be short-lived, I should advocate a law to prevent its employment in the treatment of young people." And Dr. Cullen, an English neurologist, says in the *Dublin Review*: "That psychoanalysis is a real danger to society is my serious conviction."

#### CONCLUSION

The use of psychoanalysis by lay people cannot be too strongly condemned. Society is devouring Freudian literature, as is evidenced by the enormous sale of popular books on the subject. The fashionable world has found a new hobby and is riding it to the death. These newer esthetes probe their own and their friends' unconscious lives to see what hidden complexes are at work. If there be a cesspool buried within us, what good comes of stirring up the fetid mass, what good to the individual or to society by examining with a Freudian microscope our mental cloaca? The machinery of our mind is too delicate for the clumsy handling of the amateur.

A final word about the extension of psychoanalysis. Dr. Freud's first effort was to find a cure for mental abnormalities. But he did not rest satisfied with that.

His propaganda has gone forth to indoctrinate the world in every line of human endeavor. Psychoanalysis is being applied to God, religion, and morals. God is but the sublimation of the father-image, possessing no reality. The facts in the life of Christ and His Blessed Mother are blasphemously misinterpreted in a sexual sense. Why bother about morals when everything we do is determined by these blind powers within us. Free-will is gone. The one thing necessary is to guard against unsocial acts and those that harm the individual. Psychoanalytic theories are made to fit history, mythology, and folklore. The interpretation of poetry and the fine arts is being undertaken by the Freudians. Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear pass through this mystic alembic and emerge sorry-looking creatures suffering from heaven knows what complexes. The works of the great masters of sculpture and painting have a connotation frankly sexual to the distorted vision of the Freudian. Even the everyday actions of normal individuals have a sexual import. And finally, a school of Freudian pedagogy is rapidly developing. We shudder to think of what new tomfoolery will be introduced into the schools when teachers take up this debasing twaddle.

To sum up: Psychoanalysis when applied by experts for the cure of neuroses may be used, but only with the greatest caution. First, the intention must be good; secondly, every precaution must be taken to lessen the danger; thirdly, there must be a proportionately grave cause for incurring the moral risk. It is possible, of course, that all three conditions may be fulfilled in some individual case; but surely it is rare enough to make Catholics pause before using psychoanalysis.

And once it steps out of the sphere of psychotherapy, Catholics should sound the alarm and declare war à l'outrance against its encroachments. It does nothing but increase the dread sex madness that has taken hold of the world in these later years. Reticence has long ago been repealed with regard to our conscious life by the modern poets and novelists; the psychoanalysts go a step farther; they would reveal the grizzly secrets in the charnel house of our unconscious.

## Catholicism and Culture

JOHN E. WICKHAM, LL. D.

*Baccalaureate Sermon Preached at Fordham University,  
Sunday, June 4, 1922.*

**I**N 1835 there dawned a great light on the horizon of England in the coming from Rome of Nicholas Patrick Wiseman. Only six years had elapsed since the passing of the Emancipation act, and there was still in the air the chill from the long winter of the wearying opposition of the Penal Laws. For 300 years England had been thoroughly Protestant in every department of thought and activity. Oxford and Cambridge were Protestant; the poets, essayists and novelists were Protestant; Parliament was Protestant. The artists, the scientists, the discoverers, the diplomats, were nearly all Protestant; the leaders of the army and navy Protestant. There were, it is true, isolated instances of old families of nobility holding to the ancient Church; occasionally there appeared the interesting phenomenon of a member of the Catholic Faith possessing intellectual depth and true learning. But the legend had grown, that the man of culture must necessarily be a Protestant. The broader became his vision and the more fully developed his education, by inevitable corollary the stancher rose his Protestantism. The Englishman, actually educated and professing Catholicism, presented the paradox of one striving to serve two masters. By the logic of long traditions, the literature of all the schools was regarded as the inalienable possession of the Church Protestant.

Suddenly there came to England, for a year's sojourn, the rector of the English College at Rome, Monsignor Wiseman. Born in Seville, trained in Ireland, England and Italy, he was apparently unaware that sufferance should be the badge of his tribe, and without delay or preparation of approach, he entered the world of English endeavor. He began a course of doctrinal lectures, which were so instant and solid a success that all London listened. That vast multitude, who had believed so complacently that nothing of scholastic worth could be associated with

Catholicism, were bewildered, even profoundly shocked to the depths. Here was one, calmly addressing British audiences, in clear, crystal style, who must be accepted as a man of letters in every meaning of the term. A finished orator, bearing an international reputation as an Orientalist, having close literary relationships with Gladstone, Newman, Trench, Manning, and Macaulay, able to converse with perfect fluency in half a dozen of the modern languages, the young Monsignor stood as a rock of true understanding for Catholicism to the English mind. They who wondered not so much that a member of the olden Faith could be so scholarly but that he could be scholarly at all, were eloquently silent. The conviction had come into being: that culture and Catholicism were not contradictories, and that science and religion were not as two widely separate lines which could never meet even in infinity. Wiseman, who came as the light-bearer of a new learning to England and heralded the movement that burst into full flame ten years later, proved conclusively that one could arrive simultaneously at eminence in Catholicism and eminence in scholarship.

#### NO DISCREPANCY BETWEEN REASON AND FAITH

Graduates of Fordham University, you are entering a world of affairs, which offered, until quite recently, the same definite temper and atmosphere which Dr. Wiseman met in England. The old tale that between Catholic teaching and scientific truth, between the spirit of religion and the spirit of reason, there is an impassable abyss, has found manifold audiences in America. The really educated men and women of this country are cognizant, even as you, that the old Church of Christendom has given firmest credo to the things of the mind in every century of history. The Church believes, in the words of the Vatican Council, that there never can be any real discrepancy between reason and faith, since the same God who reveals mysteries has bestowed the light of reason on the human mind; and God cannot deny Himself; nor can truth deny truth.

We know, and educated America knows, that in the

declining years of Rome's regime, the Church, despite discouragement and opposition, was cherishing and preserving the best elements of law and literature. When the walls of that mighty Empire crumbled and the savages rushed down through the plains of Italy, the only bulwark that remained was the Church. She compelled the barbarian to respect her will and to render, not only to God the things that were God's, but to man the things that were man's. The Church gathered up the broken fragments of civilization, established schools anew, and reconstructed educational standards. Every student of the history of education has knowledge of the constant impetus given to scholarship during the brilliant and fruitful period of university foundations in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Twenty-seven universities, which became world-famous in later years, were founded between 1303 and 1489, based on Papal charters issued at the Pontiff's own impulse or at the urging of Bishops or temporal princes. Mathematics, law, physics, chemistry, medicine, surgery, astronomy, botany, and geology received thorough attention and exploration in all these Papal universities. The Church has always rejoiced to be the patron of architecture, painting, sculpture, and the applied sciences; and the province of learning has appreciation of the great debt it owes to the corporate wisdom, unfailing guidance, and reverent protection of the Catholic Church.

#### REASONS FOR A FALSE IMPRESSION

The student in historical researches may possess ready and abundant information of the correlations of Catholicism and science; that student is not, as yet, legion in America. The partly educated still retain the feeling that the Catholic has not partaken, and perhaps has not the inclination to partake, of the refinements of the liberal arts. No one doubts the sincerity of the life of the spirit led by the Catholic, and his Church is counted as an invaluable asset in the sustenance of our national and social institutions. There lingers, however, the impression with a very large number, perhaps unconsciously, but in fact



none the less, that the fair humanities of books are not of any real importance to the average believer in Catholicism. What has been the origin of this conviction in America that allegiance to the ancient Faith postulates indifference to intellectual progress, if not a positive stifling of the claims of learning?

First of all, the literary backgrounds of our country during those entire years when our traditions as a commonwealth were in the making were altogether Protestant. In that directive epoch, which was distinguished by Nathaniel Hawthorne, John Greenleaf Whittier, Edgar Allan Poe, William Cullen Bryant, James Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, we seek vainly for an outstanding Catholic author. There is not a volume produced by one of these creators of our literature—and this is noteworthy—which can be proven hostile to religion; still it would not be natural that these writers could possess the sure instinct which would fully perceive the eternal values of the Church. We must bear in mind also, in the content of the adolescent brain at study much space has to be retained for the work and worth of those recognized English masters of thought and expression in the nineteenth century who were in the main non-Catholic. Nearly all the landmarks of that prolific section—Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Tennyson, Byron and Matthew Arnold; Macaulay and Carlyle; Motley, Kingsley, Borrow, John Stuart Mill—were altogether Protestant. Can we regard the consequence as surprising that the impression might be formed on the child mind, from the readings of the secondary schools and colleges, that Protestantism and literature, both of America and England, had inclusive and exclusive associations?

#### PAINTED SHIPS ON PAINTED OCEANS

A second reason for a wrong translation, at times, of the position of Catholic scholars might be this: they will give no place among the immortals to the dilettante or the *poseur* in letters. They refuse to take seriously the little mind which will, with superb gesture of finality, offer solutions to the problems that have baffled the philosophy

of the ages. They are quite unmoved by the literary pretender, who may boast that he has eaten the fruit of every tree and has accordingly the perfect knowledge of good and evil. If sufficiently and cleverly advertised, the half-artists may deceive even some of the elect for a time with an appearance of erudition, but in a little while they will seem as idle as painted ships on painted oceans. Many there were, in the past year, who followed H. G. Wells as a prophet in history, and they could not understand the apathy of those who were not enthusiastic over the novelist's venture into a field for which he had no proper preparation. But understanding has come; and the ones who gave such fulsome welcome to the picturesque work are now regretting that they did not await the verdict of the history professors of our American universities, who pronounce Wells' book worthless as a contribution to learning.

A third reason for a misinterpretation of the Church's intellectual equations, on the part of some, lies in her attitude to the literature of the unlawful. When the Church remembers that God so loved man as to send His Son to die for his salvation, she understands that she would meet with Divine condemnation if she permitted any influence to harm man's mind or heart. Any volume which might weaken a personal trust in the Lord, which would question the message of the Scriptures, or lessen the sense of gratitude for the Redemption, in the judgment of the Church, has no reason for existence. With her deep faith and attachment to the Master and her care for that pearl of great price, the people's right to know His truth, the Church does not hesitate to blot out any writing which attempts the belittling of right belief or morals. The author whose skill is recognized by the canons of the critics but who may forget his fine standards finds no approval from the Church. Some few men have unhappily lowered their gifts in portraying matters questionable from the moral point of view. No literary talent can ever justify the page which would tarnish the fine gold of the purity of any soul. The more famous the pen the greater is its responsibility for good or for harm. More

than once, the Church has been considered as not appreciative of minds of undoubted genius; and her refusal to place the crown of approval on the brows of some of the poets and romanticists has been declared as the sign of intellectual narrowness. But it would be better that the entire library of the most classic sentences be destroyed, rather than the heart of the least among men be hurt by the scarring touch of unholiness. The Church, in her loyalty to learning, will never permit a literary lance to be dedicated to a cause unworthy; and she feels that the things of the earth earthy should never receive the attention of a mind with God-endowed attainments.

#### CULTURED AND CATHOLIC

The Catholic Church makes no defense of her standards of verities. She needs none. Throughout her history she has received earnest acknowledgment of the arts and sciences for the service she rendered to save them from an early or later vandalism. And she is sending forth thousands of graduates from her American universities and colleges with the calm confidence that they are ready. Nineteen centuries have weighed in the balance the philosophy of her education, and it has been found good. They who were waiting for the day when the ideals of the superman might obtain saw that day dawn and also end. The system of thought which knew no God, but thought itself useful for aid to humanity, is a half-forgotten theory, too poor for any man's respecting.

On the twenty-first of September, 1805, off the coast of Spain, at Trafalgar, there took place a memorable sea-battle between the French and British fleets. Villeneuve, the French admiral, had thirty-four ships of war; Nelson, his adversary, had twenty-six. Out-gunned and out-manned, the English commander went into action. The day seemed hopeless for the lesser squadron. Just before the fleets came into firing range, from the masthead of Nelson's flagship was flung the signal: "England expects every man to do his duty." The effect was galvanic. Every fighting man on the English decks felt that his country was watching him. His country's honor depended on him. If he failed, England failed. If he won, England

won. His strength became as the strength of five; and the world knows the outcome of that battle.

Alumni of this university, you are going into action, and Fordham expects her graduates to do their duty. She not only expects but knows that they will do their duty. She has given all her treasures of religion and scholarship to you, and has incorporated you into her noble lineage. She realizes the battle powers which you will be facing, which the other alumni of this university have faced, and which the other alumni of this university have conquered. She has perfect faith in you, and has placed the seal of her knighthood on you. She hands you the torch of her holy fires, and she bids you show by its light that man and woman, not merely in Europe and the middle centuries, but in America and the twentieth century, can be eminently cultured and likewise eminently Catholic.

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One can say that nothing great ever was accomplished in the Church without women bearing a part. A host of them stood among the Martyrs in the amphitheater; they disputed with the anchorites the possession of the desert. Constantine set up the *Labarum* on the Capitol, and St. Helena raised the True Cross on the walls of Jerusalem. Clovis, at Tolbiac, invoked the God of Clotilda. Monica's tears won the conversion of Augustine. Jerome dedicated the Vulgate to the piety of two Roman ladies, Paula and Eustochium. The first lawmakers of monkish life, Basil and Benedict, were seconded by their sisters, Macrina and Scholastica. The Countess Matilda held up the tottering throne of Gregory VII. The wise judgment of Queen Blanche dominated the reign of St. Louis. France was saved by Jeanne d'Arc. Isabella of Castile led in the discovery of the New World. And in times closer to our own we see St. Teresa mixing with bishops, doctors, and the founders of Orders by which the reform in the Catholic ranks was effected. We see St. Francis de Sales cultivating like a rare flower the soul of Madame de Chantal, and St. Vincent de Paul passing over to Louise Marillac the most admirable of his designs, the establishment of the Sisters of Charity.—Frederic Ozanam.